Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Till *Henry* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raiſe aloft the milke-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the ayre ſhall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath Puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Ellanor, Cobham his wife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,
What ſeeſt thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too ſhort,
Mine ſhall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?
Then what ſhouldſt thou lacke that might content thy minde?

Hum. My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,
To thinke of treaſons gainſt my Soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

Elnor. What dreamt my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it: and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my ſtaffe, mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot geſſe:
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tuſh

Elnor. Tuſh my Lord, this ſignifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall for the offence make forfet of his head.
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamt,
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Weſtminſter, and ſeated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,
Stood ready to ſet it on my Princely head.

Hum. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not ſecond woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife? belou'd of him?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treaſon thus?
Away I ſay, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue
Ile keepe it to my ſelfe, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no ſuch things.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. And it pleaſe your Grace, the King and Queen to morrow morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones, & craues your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am ſure.

Exit Humfrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make ſome hop headleſſe.
And being but a woman, ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in ſpite of all that ſeek to croſſe me thus:
Who is within there?

Enter ſir John Hum.

What Sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

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